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TABLES.

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CORALINN: A PERSIAN TALE.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VIII.

"Success demands
That we be well prepared ere we attempt
To rescue Everington. Meanwhile retire,
And sound the opinion of our friends,
And meditate what way, with safety fraught,
We best may take to escape the tyrant's chains."
—WILLIAM TELL.

MEN do not instinctively delight in the misery of their fellow creatures; and a disposition to favor him, was manifested by those who were compelled to become Everington's executioners. The prince had not expressively required the extremity of torture, and his eyes were therefore suffered to remain undisturbed, but the usual quantity of milk and honey had been prepared; and before a day had passed, the swarms of wasps and ants by which he was surrounded gave him a dreadful foretaste of what he was yet to suffer. Fully aware of the effect of eating, in aggravating and prolonging his torments, he determined to refuse at every hazard; but before the third day, hunger overcame his resolutions, and he partook of the food offered with the rapacity of a starving man.

To Everington each of these three days seemed an age, and the nights appeared as if they would never end.

Sleep would, in spite of his sufferings, overcome him sometimes; but then he, if possible, suffered more than when awake. Images, the most frightful, continually haunted him, and while hope sometimes mingled her anodyne with his cup of misery, when sleeping, imagination rejected the proffered boon and sewed up the remembrance of the past and present, with anticipations of the future, in unmingled bitterness.

It was on the night of the third day, as he lay wishing for death, and in a state of half delirium, that he was roused by a soft sweet voice, whispered in his ear—"Everington."

It was the voice of Coralinn, and the tide of feelings which her appearance there produced, was beyond his control. True he could not see her—the sun had blistered his face, his eye-lids were, it appeared to him, burned to crisp, and ability to move them had ceased; still he could not mistake the music of her angel voice—he felt her soft hand as she parted the hair on his forehead, and pressed it with her coral lips, and the tears she shed fell on his face, grateful as the drops of dew which the breath of morning sheds from the bright petals of the rose, upon the sunburnt earth.

With lips parched by thirst, he could with diffi-

culty, articulate, but she listened and heard his faint accents employed in expressions of gratitude and thanks.

"I shall die, my dear Coralinn, I *must* die," said Everington; "but the remembrance of your affection and love will cheer and console me to the last; and though we were born to different faiths, yet we shall meet in heaven."

"There is no hope in man," answered the weeping girl; "but Allah will not desert us."

"Hope has forsaken me," said Everington; "nothing but the memory of Coralinn could reconcile me to living another moment—Oh this living death!"

"Hush," said the beautiful and affectionate creature; "there is some one approaching us; I must not be seen;" and hastily pressed her lips to his, she retired cautiously and silently to a cluster of mango trees, where she was concealed from notice.

She now saw the figure she had heard endeavoring carefully to approach Everington, and her heart beat tumultuously, when she thought that it might be some agent of the prince, come with the purpose of putting, at once, a period to the existence of the sufferer. She saw him put his face close to that of Everington, as if to whisper to him; and with intense interest she watched every movement as he appeared to hold a short conference with the victim. Suddenly he left Everington, and came towards the spot where, like a timid fawn, she was standing; looking as if he was in search of some object. For a moment she hesitated whether it was best to discover herself, or fly, but when she heard her name pronounced in a low, deep voice, she hesitated no longer, and was almost overwhelmed with joy when she found the stranger was the faithful Hamors.

"O, for the sake of every thing sacred, save him—O save him," said she, as she took the hand of the servant.

"If it is in the power of man to save him he shall be saved," replied Hamors; "my business, this night was to ascertain whether he was living, for much I feared that my dear master was no more. But tell me my mistress, are you free to follow him? Are you not bound to the tyrant?"

"No," replied Coralinn; "nor shall I ever be; my purpose is fixed; while Everington lives, I live, when he dies, I will live no longer."

"Can you be at this place, at this hour, to-morrow night?" enquired Hamors.

"Alas, I cannot tell," replied Coralinn; "my liberty is at the control of a tyrant—my life is my own? As a mark of special favor, Mirza has yielded to my request, to defer my compelled union with him, until the infidel, as he terms Everington, shall cease to live; and then, he has sworn by Eblis that even the command of the Prophet shall not induce him to forego it."

"Allah grant that he may be thwarted in his intentions," said Hamors, "but time wears away, and I must be gone. I will only speak one word with my master, and then for the mountain;—be here to-morrow night, and you shall be saved."

So saying, Hamors softly returned to the spot where Everington lay, spoke with him a moment, and then disappeared in the gloom that overhung river and plain.

No sooner was he away, than Coralinn took her stand beside the sufferer.

"O my Coralinn! there is still hope;—bless Allah with me, my dear girl, for that faithful fellow, Hamors; O that the eternity of to-morrow was passed, and I could again be free!" said Everington.

"Will you have some food," said Coralinn; "you will need strength to live, and meet the events of to-morrow."

"Yes, for now I wish to live," was the answer.

Coralinn then gave him some nourishing provisions, with which she had provided herself—begged him to have patience—to hope for a happy result—promised, if possible, to be there and fly with him; and then tenderly kissing him, bade him farewell. During the interview, the sentinel, whose duty it was to prevent intercourse with the prisoner through the night, was soundly sleeping on the bank of the river, beneath a thick cluster of flower-bank acacias, and remained entirely ignorant of what had taken place.

After the re-capture of the fugitives in the mountains, Coralinn, on her return to Schiras, was delivered over to the custody of an old woman, who had orders not to trust her out of her sight, and was assured that she should answer for her charge with her life. For several days she could learn nothing from Everington; and the prince, who daily saw her, refused to communicate any information, as to what was his fate, further than that he met with a merited punishment, but was still alive. When, however he had been sentenced Coralinn, as we have already seen, learned the result, and took, her resolution.

To succeed, however, it was necessary to appear submissive, as she well knew that to refuse the hand of the Prince, would only excite him to the use of force, to compel a compliance with his wishes. She therefore begged that the ceremony might be delayed until Everington was no more; resolved that the moment she was assured of his death, she would follow him; and the Prince granted her request, using in the mean time, every exertion to overcome her attachment to the victim of his revenge.

Coralinn found that the hag, to whom she had been consigned, was excessively fond of wine, and as she had plenty of it at her command, she put some stupifying drugs into it, and during the

evening, managed to have her drink what she wished of it. It had the effect desired, and by the time the inhabitants of the palace had sunk to rest, the old woman was beyond being disturbed. With a trembling hand, Coralinn then took from the pocket of the old woman, a key which unlocked a private door from the gardens, by which she could leave the city, and unacquainted as she was, with the most direct route, hurried, on the wing of affection, towards the spot where one dearer to her than life, suffered under the fearful and unmerited punishment we have mentioned.

Terrified lest her attendant should awake, Coralinn, after the interview with Everington and Hamors, hastily returned to the place of her confinement, and to her joy found the old woman still insensible. Replacing the keys, she assumed the attitude of repose, where without mistrusting that any thing had been wrong, she was found by her keeper in the morning, after the fumes of the wine had passed.

That day, the prince as usual spent most of the time in the company of the fair Circassian, and strove by every means to dissipate the repugnance she evidently felt towards him. At length the conversation reverted to Everington.

"My messenger tells me," said the Prince—"that the infidel whom Allah abhors, cannot live through another day. I should be sorry that his sufferings were to be so short, were it not for the condition suspended on his death.

"Sorry," repeated Coralinn, "sorry that an innocent man has by death been mercifully relieved from a living death. Is that the boasted clemency of Prince Abbas Mirza?"

"Speak not to me of mercy," said the Prince; "when a man, one too who hates all good muselmans, has basely attempted to rob me of a flower which is to be the light of my harem. There can be no mercy for him; but when you have fulfilled your promises, and on his death have become mine, perhaps I may forgive his memory; and I can almost forgive him now, when I remember that it was the love of Coralinn that drove him on to ruin."

"Claim not my promises," said Coralinn hastily, "they were never yours."

"No matter by what name, or by what means you become mine," replied the Prince, "remember if he dies to-day, you are mine to-morrow." So saying, he caught the lovely girl in his arms, and kissing her, retired, repeating as he left her the "to-morrow, to-morrow!"

The lingering moments of the day at last were passed, and the dull shadows of evening came over the plain of Schiras; and though to Coralinn the minutes that intervened between the interview and the hour that was to decide their fate, could not have appeared as long as they did to the tormented Everington; yet to her the suspense seemed an age. To him, however, bright hope had returned, and that kept him from sinking under his accumulated misery.

As evening came on, the bowl of wine, drugged deeper, than before, was produced; and while the beautiful and anxious Coralinn assumed a cheerfulness she did not feel, a hilarity intended to deceive, she was pleased to find its contents rapidly disappearing before the unsuspecting and delighted attendant.

Before the hour fixed upon arrived, the old wo-

man was as still as death, and with an agitated hand, and palpitating heart, by the means she had before used, the maiden again found herself beyond the walls of the city, and near the spot where her presence was anxiously expected and wished for by Everington. But the guard had been changed, and a sentinel more watchful had been appointed to the station and to avoid discovery, Coralinn hid herself in the clustering trees to which she had retired the night before and from whence she could have an opportunity of observing all that passed.

CHAPTER IX.

"And to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to't;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind."—HUDIBRAS.
"Speed! Malise speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced."—SCOTT.

Coralinn had scarcely taken her place amidst the mango trees, when she heard footsteps near her, and looking, saw that Hamors was there followed by three or four powerful looking men, who from their appearance and armour she at once recognized as Kurds, or natives of the mountains.

"Allah be praised that you are here! said Hamors in a whisper; "is the sentinel asleep?"

"He is not;" replied Coralinn; "you may now see him walking on the bank."

"It would be better for him if he was," said Hamors, "for now he must die. Remain where you are until I come for you," continued he addressing Coralinn, and speaking a few words in an under tone to his followers, they descended the bank and were soon out of sight beneath the acacias and myrtle, that hung over the banks. Soon a dark figure was seen to emerge from a cluster of shrubbery, near the sentinel who stood with his back towards the spot. The twinkle of a star revealed the glittering cimeter, and in a moment the deep and hollow groan showed that the silent but fatal blow had been struck.—The others now sprang forward, the dead body was tumbled into the river,—the covering of the boat was, in a few minutes, loosed from its fastenings—and the half insensible Everington delivered from his horrid abode. But his limbs were useless, he was unable to stand or walk, and had not the revolting spectacle he exhibited been covered by the mantle of the night, his preservers must have shrunk from the attempt of delivering and keeping him alive. After a speedy ablution in the river, and while the other attendants were putting some garments upon him. Hamors flew to Coralinn.

"He lives," said the faithful servant, as he led her to the spot where the attendants were placing Everington in a litter which he had prepared for that purpose. A moment was allowed for Coralinn to assure Everington that she was to accompany him: and then the party, with Everington borne on the shoulders of the four mountaineers, left the banks of the Bendemir. After following the direction in which they started for a few minutes, Hamors took from a thicket of shrubbery, a fine horse, and mounting Coralinn behind him, the whole party proceeding at a rapid rate towards the ruins of Persepolis.

"You must consent to be governed implicitly by me for a short time," said Hamors; "and if your residence for a few days is not as you could wish, we hope it will be a prelude to many days of uninterrupted happiness.

"Hamors, any place will be a paradise where

I can enjoy liberty, and the company of my Everington," replied Coralinn, in accents of gratitude to her conductor.

In two hours they found themselves amid the ruins. Columns lay scattered around them, and blocked up their path. Leaving their horses, the party plunged deeper into the recess, and while the owl hooted over them, led by Hamors they fearlessly advanced.

"This strong wind," said Hamors to Coralinn, as she hung upon his arm, "will not pass without contributing to our success, as it will obliterate any footsteps we may have made over the plain."

Suddenly he stopped where the immense pile denoted that some magnificent palace or temple had formerly stood; and removing a large stone slab which required the united efforts of the whole party, a circular opening was discovered, which opened on the unknown and unseen regions below. A rope was made fast to a fallen column, and two of the company quickly descended out of sight, leaving Hamors with the other on the surface. A rope was fastened around Everington and he was speedily lowered into the abyss.

"You must now descend," said Hamors to Coralinn; and it was not without a feeling of horror, that she found herself descending, she knew not where, and in company of she knew not whom.

No sooner was she in the subterranean apartment than the others descended, and while a light had been struck up, were soon collected below. Preceded by Hamors, Everington was borne through the several turnings and windings, until they came to a wall in which was an opening, similar to that which they had descended. This was passed and the light of the lamp showed to Coralinn, a number of apartments, connected with each other, gloomy indeed, but apparently, dry and comfortable. In one of these, a mattress was placed, upon which Everington, weak and exhausted, was laid: while some wine and provision were produced for him and the rest of the party. The opening through which they had passed, was the only one that could be discovered leading to the subterranean chambers they occupied, and however doubtful the purpose for which they were erected might be—the huge blocks which formed the walls and the covering of these rooms showed that they had been built for eternity. Some pieces of carpeting were brought and spread over the stone floor; and in one of the rooms a number of skins of water and wine, with a variety of fruits and provisions were pointed out to Coralinn by Hamors. To the inquiry of Coralinn, whether he was going to leave them, he replied that he was:—

"By remaining with you," said he, "I could not add to your safety or comfort, and might, perhaps, endanger all; my master is now unable to fly, he must be restored, and in whose hands could I trust him, if not in yours? Ten days from this time I shall come provided with every thing for a successful flight;—"

"But if our retreat should be discovered by the prince, and we should again fall into his hands," interrupted Coralinn.

"You have nothing to fear from him, or any one else," replied Hamors; "keep up your spirits and may Allah protect and bless you."

So saying, Hamors kissed the hand of his mistress, which she had extended to him, and pressing

that of Everington assured him of his fidelity, and then with his followers, left the cell, carefully closing the opening through which they had entered.

The timepiece with which Coralinn was furnished, marked the lapse of time; but in every respect time was to them as if it had ceased to exist. From the world they were completely shut out; not a single sound which showed that any other beings were in existence reached them; day and night were unknown; the lamp alone shed its light on the dim walls, and the lovely Coralinn shuddered when she reflected that by the capture or death of Hamors, they might be there immured for ever.

The pleasure, however she took in administering to the wants of Everington—of witnessing the rapid recovery of his strength and sight—in listening to his warm expressions of gratitude and affection—and indulging the sweet vision of fancy, which his restoration to health, and their escape from bondage and death pointed out, caused the hours to pass rapidly and delightfully away.

Everington on the third day, with the aid of his amiable nurse was able to rise, and leaning on the beautiful girl, he repeatedly traversed the room with a feeling of satisfaction at being able to walk, almost equal to that which would have been felt by the bestowment of a new sense.—Blistered as his face and eyelids had been, by long exposure to the sun, the skin came off in large pieces; and while the inflammation in his eyes gradually subsided, he reflected on the good fortune that had prevented his eyelids being fastened open, since, in that case, his eyes, even while life lasted, would have been devoured to their very sockets.

The singular appearance, while it was undergoing the process of renovating, was the subject of much mirth between them.

"Ah, my dear Coralinn," Everington would say, as he revenged himself for her railery by clasping the fair girl to his bosom, and tenderly kissing her—"you are welcome to laugh at me; you have indeed earned the privilege; to you I owe every thing—life, hope, and love."

"Everington, you must not be displeased," said the blushing girl; "for you well know that you are all the world now to me."

"And shall I not always be so? May I not always be so?" said Everington with a smile.

"O yes, that I am not afraid to promise," she hastily replied, and hid her blushing face in his bosom, while he gazed on the lovely girl, with a feeling of tenderness and admiration.

The time allotted for the absence of Hamors hastened away. Nothing had occurred to disturb them in their subterranean abode, until the day before Hamors returned, when the howling of the jackall, and the shrill cry of the hyena showed not only that their retreat had been discovered by these animals, but also from the cries in various directions, that the earth around them was hollowed out into apartments similar to that they occupied; and once Coralinn was alarmed by one of these prowlers, who allured by the hope of blood, endeavored to force his way through the opening by which the vigilant precautions of Hamors had rendered impracticable.

The time which they awaited with so much anxiety, at last came. There was a sound of voices in the outer apartment—the blocks of stone which closed the communication between them

were removed, and Hamors, accompanied by some of his happy and hardy mountaineers, entered the dungeon. Their joy at meeting was mutual, for the unwavering faithfulness of Hamors had endeared him to both Everington and Coralinn.

"We have outwitted the tyrant this time," said Hamors exultingly; "after every exertion which power or ingenuity could devise, he has been completely baffled. The mystery of your escape he has never been able to unravel—the largest rewards have proved ineffectual to discover your retreat, and the pursuit has been given over as hopeless. Once again on the Hetzerdera and we are safe."

Preparations were immediately commenced for a removal from the retreat which had so long afforded them security and shelter, in which the most efficient and cheerful aid was rendered by the mountain associates of Hamors.

Soon they emerged from the subterranean well like opening into the upper air, and never with such feelings of emotion had Everington and Coralinn beheld the bright stars as they rolled along through the heavens over spotless azure—gazed on the silver tips of Diana's crescent, as it sunk behind the mountains—breathed the pure air which was filled with the incense of numberless flowers—or listened to the hum which animated nature sends forth even in its most quiet and secluded retreats. Hamors led the way through the ruins and when they emerged from them into the plain, they found themselves at once in the midst of a dozen of the mountaineers, who, with high-spirited steeds, ready for them to mount, awaited their arrival. Not a moment was lost in continuing their flight across the plain. Coralinn was mounted on a beautiful Arabian, and Everington felt as if he had commenced a new existence, when he found himself by her side, and rapidly leaving the crumbling fragments of ancient Persian greatness far behind them.

Long before morning they found themselves among the hills, which marked the commencement of the mountainous region; and when day dawned they were safe from pursuit amidst its deep and inaccessible fastnesses and defiles. They had left Schiras and the domains of Abbas Mirza forever, and the brave and hospitable children of the mountains, welcomed them with patriarchal simplicity and affection, to their rude mansions. Notwithstanding the affectionate kindness of Everington, it was impossible for Coralinn at once to break, without emotions of regret, the strong ties of affection which bound her to her father; and when she remembered that she had deserted home and friends for a stranger, she felt that she was encountering a fearful hazard, and dear as Everington was to her, he sometimes caught the tear swelling in her dark eye, as these recollections came over her young and innocent bosom.

Skilled in reading the heart, Everington at once perceived the source of her regrets, and sympathizing with her grief, he kissed away her tears, and banished her fears by assurances of never-failing love and protection. Among the kind inhabitants of the mountains, Everington thought it prudent to remain but a short time; for though the country to the west of the Hetzerdera, scarcely owned allegiance to the Persian crown; and the brave Kurds still maintained a tacit independence;

yet his fears added to the counsel of Hamors, induced him to place himself and his beautiful Coralinn, as soon as possible, beyond the reach of Abbas Mirza.

As soon, therefore, as Everington found himself completely restored, disguising themselves as much as possible, with Hamors as their servant, he and the fair Coralinn, accompanied by several of the natives of the mountains, proceeded by the circuitous route of the Tigris, and Bagdat, to Bussorah; where they arrived without molestation, and in safety. Here Everington found himself in possession of funds, with which he compensated his companions from the Hetzerdera, to the extent of their wishes, and laden with every expression of his, and Coralinn's gratitude, saw them depart for their native homes.—At Bussorah, he found the chaplain of the English establishment at the English Gulf of Persia, and was united by the tenderest of ties, to the blushing and beautiful girl, who had consented to unite her fortunes with his. A vessel was on the point of sailing for India, where they arrived and embracing the favorable moment, and wafted by the propitious monsoon, Everington and Coralinn soon found themselves, at Bombay, where the flag of Britain assured him of protection.—After residing at Bombay for three years he was called to Calcutta; and his intimate acquaintance with the Persian language, added to his knowledge of Indian affairs, rendered him a proper person to receive such an appointment on the recommendation of several officers of the government, he was appointed by the Marquis of Wellesley, then Governor General of India, to the government of Agra, a post of great importance on the Upper Ganges, whither he immediately repaired, accompanied by his admired and lovely bride.

CHAPTER X.

"The world is full of beauty. To the eye
Where'er it sends its wistful orb, is spread
A scene of glories. Earth, air, sky,
Are marked with characters which he may read,
Who hath a high attunement of the mind,
A bright perception with the eternal eye,
A glowing likeness in his soul enshrined,
Of what is great, and pure, and Heavenly."

H. TAPPAN.

Ten years after the events we have related, had transpired, in consequence of some misunderstandings which had arisen between the Indian government and the schah of Persia, it was deemed necessary that some individual qualified for the purpose, should proceed to Teheran, then the residence of the Persian court, to make if possible, a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties that threatened to interrupt the harmony of the two governments.

In the opinion of the Marquis of Wellesley, then governor of the immense British possessions in the east, there was no person who would execute this important trust so well as Major General Everington—for to that rank he had risen—and a young lieutenant in the Indian army, was selected to convey to him news of his appointment. To this honorable commission of the general's was added the privilege of visiting England, (a pleasure he had so long wished, but which the disturbed state of the Indian affairs had hitherto rendered inexpedient) after the accomplishment of his commission to Teheran.

It was on a warm afternoon that the bearer of the despatches, Lieutenant McAuly, approached Agra and entered that once large and opulent city;

and proceeded without delay to the mansion of General Everington. A high wall of stone surrounded the extensive pile, and when admitted within the ample portals, none but those who have witnessed the beauty of an Indian pleasure ground, when in its rich freshness, can have an idea of the enchanting nature of the place. The white blossoms of the pomegranate, and the crimson lily of the citron, the clustering richness of the fig trees, and the beautiful green of the broad leaved palm—the golden orange and the delicious mango were all there, and united to form a whole, of which the inhabitant of the frigid north can form but an imperfect estimate. The thicket of acacias, myrtle, and roses, which bordered the walks, lent their charms and their fragrance to make the place an earthly paradise. Through the avenues of palm could be seen the broad Ganges, with the blue lotus dancing on its bright waters: the Indian pheasant and the bird of paradise displayed their beautiful plumage on the overhanging branches.

Young McAuly was ushered into a splendid suite of rooms; and on inquiring for General Everington, was told by the servant in waiting that his master was out, but would soon return.

So fascinating, however, were the beauties of nature without, and so delightful was the scenery around, that McAuly was unwilling to exchange them for carpets and mirrors, though of the most splendid kind; and having drank a glass of sherbet, told the servant he would walk until the General returned. Taking his course down one of the walks which led beneath the trees we have mentioned, he followed it through several turnings and windings, until it suddenly opened upon a little green flat, over which hung some huge plane-tree branches; and in the centre of which a fountain threw up its column of pure water, which falling into a deep marble basin, poured over its margin into a thin and sparkling sheet, to fall into the pebble-covered channel, in which it pursued its murmuring course to the river.

The refreshing coolness of the spot—the dash of the fountain—the beauty of some roses that hung over the margin of the basin, and dipped their petals in the flood, attracted the notice of the young lieutenant, and he was advancing to it, when the sweet tones of a woman's voice, and the lively, laughing prattle of children, arrested his steps.—He turned his head, and saw at one side of the flat, under a bower of woven woodbines and wild roses, the General, reclining on a sofa—near him, on another, was a beautiful woman, and before them on the smooth, green turf, two lovely girls were frolicking, in all the unrestrained gaiety of childhood and innocence. The General had been reading a book which he still held in his hand, but he had closed it to witness, with parental fondness the happiness of the charming girls, and enjoy the look of affectionate exultation which he read as his glance met the eyes of his beautiful wife. At that moment the youngest of the girls noticed McAuly, and running to her father, threw her arms around his neck:—

"Pa," said she in a hurried voice; "an officer has come to meet us, may I go and meet him."

"Certainly, my dear," was the reply: and in a moment the little girl had hold of McAuly's arm, and was leading him towards the bower.

As the young European officers in that region were considered, by the general, as his children, he

instantly rose to meet him, and with the graceful ease, for which he was distinguished, welcome McAuly and introduced him to his affectionate and lovely wife.

McAuly attempted some apology for his intrusion on their retirement, but was cut short by Everington, who assured him that an apology was needless, and that he was never more happy than when he had the pleasure of meeting his European friends. After enjoying the refreshing coolness, and admiring the beauties of the place, for a little while, McAuly followed the general and his charming family to their mansion, where every thing denoted the princely munificence of the owner.—Sherbet was cooling in marble basins—the finest and most delicious fruits were handed about in massive burnished plate—the air, cooled by the Ganges, entered windows darkened by the richest silks of Awerpore—and the softened light fell on the most splendid carpets of Ispahan. But not here, as is too often the case, had wealth shut out from its possessors the finer and nobler feelings of the heart. That kindness which had secured to Everington and his beautiful wife, the affection of all their dependants—which had caused the oppressed to look to him as the redresser of their of their wrongs; still retained its ascendancy in their bosoms, and showed its effects in the harmony that pervaded the magic circle of their influence.

The favorable impressions of the young officer were confirmed, and he was soon convinced that he had never seen a woman who so fully seized those beautiful creations of the fancy, the peris of the Persian mythology.

General Everington accepted, without hesitation, the important trust conferred upon him by government, and with the promptness which distinguished him, had soon completed the necessary preparations for his journey; and with the equipages usually attached to an eastern embassy, were underway to the Persian court. Coralinn too and the two charming girls accompanied him; and the difference between the manner in which they had left the dominions of the schah, and that in which they were returning to it, was not unfrequently the subject of mutual conversation not unmingled with gratitude, between Everington and the fair Coralinn.

Travelling by easy stages—received by the Persian authorities with the deference due to the rank of the individual, and the importance of his errand—and carefully observing the indications of public feeling on the extensive frontier, Everington at last arrived at Teheran. Here he was welcomed by the court, and the differences which had called him thither were soon in a train of amicable adjustment. A series of splendid entertainments were given alternately by the Schah and the ambassador at which the best feelings prevailed, and the reconciliation of the conflicting interests more easily effected. Coralinn was universally admired. The adoption of the European customs, gave her an opportunity of oftener appearing with the General in public; and the believers swore by the beard of Ali, that in the person of his wife, the infidel Frank was possessed of a gem worthy to be placed in the diadem of the prophet.

In the midst of these rejoicings, news arrived that Abbas Mirza, who had been called from the government of Schiras to conduct the operations of the war which the Schah was waging on the

northern frontiers of the empire with the Russians, and after a series of victories, concluded a peace with the infidel dogs, and was on his return to Teheran. He arrived, and was received by all ranks with enthusiasm; and by the Schah as a son who had proved himself worthy of succeeding to the throne of Persia. As was the custom, the representatives of the different powers at the capital, sent in their congratulations to the king on the event, accompanied by such presents as they thought proper, and as the influence of the prince was all powerful at the court of his father, Everington determined by the richness and magnificence of his to secure the favorable notice of the prince. He was successful, and as the successive articles were presented and displayed Abbas requested him to advance to the divan, which he occupied immediately below the throne, for the purpose of explaining to him the uses of a mathematical instrument which he had never before seen. As Everington advanced to comply with the request, the keen eye of Abbas was fixed on him, and an indefinable recollection made him start when his eye met that of the General. Concealing his embarrassment, however, he listened to the explanations of Everington with interest; and giving orders for the careful preservation of the instrument, he ordered it to be removed to make way for those presents that remained to be received from others.

The next day, an Emir attached to the train of the prince, presented himself at the palace occupied by Everington, with the information that his highness Prince Abbas Mirza would if agreeable to the Frank ambassador, pay him a visit that afternoon. Everington, who well knew that this was the greatest condescension the prince could perform, and would be considered by the Persians as the highest honor a foreigner could receive, did not hesitate to signify the pleasure he should receive from the intended honor, and preparations were instantly ordered for his reception.

"My dear Coralinn," said Everington, as he entered the department devoted to the ladies: "prince Abbas Mirza confers upon us the honor of a visit this afternoon. From some movements of his yesterday, I am inclined to think he remembers me, and I suppose wishes to know whether I have forgotten him."

"Have you accepted the honor?" asked Coralinn.

"Certainly," replied Everington; "I had no wish to refuse."

"Surely there can be no satisfaction in meeting that man," said Coralinn; "and I can hardly believe he comes with any but the worst intentions towards you, I shall be miserably till the interview is past."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Everington, kissing his wife; "remember that Major General Everington is not the same poor, unprotected Frank he was when he formerly bore the weight of Mirza vengeance. "Yet," added he, looking tenderly on the beautiful creature, he still held in his arms; "when I remember the cause of his cruelty, I am more than half inclined to forgive him; and cheerfully would I again run the same risk to secure the same prize."

"There is one thing of which I am glad," said Coralinn; "the court renders it impossible that he should see me here."

"The custom of the court prevents it, but not the custom of the Franks, by which we are governed," said Everington.

The hour fixed upon by the prince arrived, and mounted on his own elephant, which seemed perfectly conscious of the honor conferred upon him by the person he carried, and surrounded by numerous attendants, Abbas Mirza made his appearance.

Alighting from his magnificent howdah, he was received by Everington with all the respect due to the prince of Persia, and conducted to the apartment prepared for his reception.

Coffee was handed round, hookahs were smoked—the conversation was animated, but general; and not an intimation was given by the prince, of the particular object of his visit. Still Everington perceived that he was closely watched. He at length requested the general to be seated near him on the divan, and addressed him in Hindostan, a language not understood by the attendants.

"Ever since I saw you yesterday," said the prince, "I have been haunted with the idea that I have seen your face before; if so, it was in connexion with circumstances you cannot have forgotten."

"Your highness is right, replied Everington, "you have seen me before, and there are some events in our lives that can never be forgotten."

"Abbas Mirza knows no deception," said the prince; "if he has done wrong, he trusts by the aid of the prophet to make ample reparation; are you the Frank that a few years since was sentenced to the punishment of the boat at Schiras, and escaped or disappeared in so mysterious a manner?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Praise be to Allah that you lived, I was sensible I wronged you; but you cannot be ignorant of the motives by which I was actuated," said the prince.

"I am not," replied Everington; "and then as now, the motives almost made me forgive the act, cruel as it was."

"Ah that young and beautiful Circassian!" exclaimed the prince with animation; "she would have called the prophet to earth, from the seventh heaven. I was distractedly in love with her, and you threw yourself in my very path; is it surprising that I attempted to crush you? Is it not rather surprising that you escaped my vengeance?"

"I did escape, however," said Everington with a smile.

"I know you did; but how, I could never conjecture," replied Abbas; "and I know too, that the lovely Coralinn disappeared at the same time; I have often thought I would surrender my claim to the crown of Persia to see that beautiful creature again for one hour. One thing, however, that adventure taught me; that power has no effect in winning a woman's love, and that the attempt to confine them by walls, is as futile as would prove a barrier to the white winged dove of Cassimere."

"You would not regret her escape if it had been the means of rendering her happy?" said Everington.

"Not now," replied Abbas; "but then I was unused to restraints, and I fancied it was impossible for me to live without her. When I thought of her, I turned with disgust from the fairest beauties of Persia; but the wound my pride has received was nothing to what I felt when I met the look of

calm reproach which I read in the eyes of her loved father, for his lips never spoke what I knew he felt."

"Is the worthy Herman then living?" hastily inquired Everington, for his fate was involved in uncertainty; and Hamors, to whom the task of making inquiries had been committed, could only learn that he had not been seen for several years.

"He is not; he survived the loss of his daughter but a few months," was his reply, "But," continued the prince "I understand you have your wife with you; and if that peri is your bride and if it is not inconsistent with your ideas of decorum, I would wish to see her again, I owe her a debt, I would willingly have discharge in kindness to her father, had he lived to require it."

"Coralinn is my bride," said Everington, and there was a feeling of gratified pride in the acknowledgment; "she can appear if you wish it."

"One thing further," said the prince, "I wish the interview should take place with none to witness it except yourself."

"You can be gratified in that," replied the general, "and you may also name your own time for the interview."

"Let it be now—I am impatient to see her," was the reply of Abbas Mirza.

A wave of Everington's hand was sufficient to clear the room of his attendants, an example which was followed by the prince. Everington then struck a blow on the Chinese gong which hung in the room, and directed the servant who obeyed the summons, to inform his mistress that her presence was requested. The prince remained without speaking until she was announced, when Everington met her; took her hand and led her to the prince who instantly rose from the divan to meet her.

"By Allah! the same beautiful creature still," said the prince, as if thinking aloud, at the moment he took her hand, and with oriental gallantry knelt as he placed it to his lips.

"You have nothing to fear," said the prince, noticing the slight agitation shown by Coralinn, though scarcely less than was evinced by himself; and requested her to be seated near him on the divan. "The past is indeed remembered," he continued; "but it is that I may beg your forgiveness for acts which, even the sincerity of my affections for you, could never justify."

"The happiness which Allah had been pleased to bestow upon me, since those days, has banished every unkind feeling from my bosom," replied Coralinn, and at the moment she cast a glance of superior affection and pride on her adored Everington.

"The blessings of Allah always rests on the virtuous and the good," said the prince, "and may he continue to do so," added he, as he took Everington's hand and clasped his and the lovely Coralinn's firmly together in his own.

"Have you no children?" asked Abbas, after remaining silent a moment.

"We have," answered Everington.

"I must see them; I must know how happy it is possible for Allah to make mortals," said Mirza.

Coralinn left the apartment; and in a few minutes returned with her two beautiful girls, one in each hand.

"You have nothing to ask this side of Paradise," said the prince to Everington, with visible

emotion, as he gazed on the lovely children, the picture of their mother; and he drew them tenderly to him and kissed them repeatedly.

"There is but one thing more," said Abbas; and calling an attendant gave him some directions and bid him lose not a moment. In a short time the servant returned and placed in the hands of the prince, two caskets of the richest workmanship and materials.

"That casket is yours," said the prince addressing Everington, "and this one," continued he taking a key from his pocket, "contains something that I must beg Coralinn and her two daughters to accept."

The lid flew open and from it he took a turban of the richest materials, on which was a splendid aigrette of diamonds which he placed on the brow of the fair Circassian; and then proceeded to decorate with a carcanet of pearls and gems the snowy necks of the beautiful and delighted girls.

At this moment the voice of the Imaun was heard from a neighboring minaret calling the faithful to prayers; and the prince rose to depart.

"The day is past," said the prince, "but by me it will never be forgotten, for it has relieved me of a heavy burden. I saw you, and your countenance awakened the recollection of other days, I made inquiries, and learnt that your wife was with you, and you know the rest. I have seen Coralinn—I know that happiness attends her, and if she is happy all around her must be so."

Bowing to Coralinn and her daughters, the prince accompanied to the steps by Everington, retired; and mounting the elephant which seemed sensible that he was a favorite, returned to the palace of the monarch. His visits to the mansion of Everington while he remained at Teheran, were, however frequent; and his friendly attentions were the source of much pleasure to them all.

After accomplishing the objects of this mission, Everington and his charming family proceeded to Bussurah, on the Persian Gulf, and from thence embarked for Europe. The beautiful Coralinn, in the circles of the metropolis, still found that admiration continued to follow her; but disgusted with the formal heartlessness of the society, she sighed for the quiet happiness she had enjoyed at Agra, and her wishes on that point corresponding with those of the general, after a residence of two years in London, they returned to India.

Here, on the banks of the Ganges, they enjoyed all the happiness of which the human mind is capable; and in the smiling countenances and heartfelt blessings they received from the innocent beings who enjoyed their protection, may be read proof demonstrable that virtue is its own reward, and that happiness is diffusable.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Is there anything betrays the narrowness of the human mind, more than the circumscribed and partial manner in which the Holy Scriptures are viewed by many.

Take the first act of man, his disobedience. How few are there who welcome the results of that act?—yet how many mourn. What has been its results to man?—The knowledge of good and

evil. Then it is through this act or the emblematical account of it that we have knowledge of *good*, this being the means through which our Creator inducted us to its knowledge.

When Adam partook of the forbidden fruit, the doom then incurred (or the blessing as I should call it) has irrevocably attached itself to every mark or symptom of human progress since made. The knowledge of good and evil, the result of man's first act has been the result of every subsequent act in human progress.

This primal event has been so often evoked by theologians and others as a proof of human depravity, that I think we should also be justified in citing it as a proof of human piety. Those take the "evil" alone and leave the "good." Such is the carping disposition of man! Instead of this, we should look at the greatest and most gladdening result of man's first act—the knowledge of good.

By this alone, is it, that we feel all the holier aspirations of our nature, it is this that animates the labors of the philanthropist, creates and arouses the sympathies of the humane, irradiates with an undying halo the memory of the wise and gifted, while it originates all those redeeming features in the enigmatical character of man. Why should we mourn the first act of Adam, as related in Holy writ, as a great misfortune, when it has been productive of such desirable results?

It was one of those grand links in the chain of our destiny, woven by the hands of our Great Architect himself and should never be made a stumbling block or mourning post for some tear-shedding fanatic, who weeping over the human race would rather attribute his discontent to the failings of another, than the faults of himself.

There are few doctrines which remove the barrier to progress, but which also though passively, encourage the progression of evil with good. As the refinements of civilized life are increased so are the refinements of evil.

The doctrine of Liberal Christianity, when examined in this light, have exceptionable features as well as the more *bigoted* creeds of the religious world. While these doctrines lift the thoughtful and philosophic from the plodding path of popular sectarianism to a holier view of human and cosmical nature, so it also opens to the narrow-minded, another path to license and unbelief.

Such a thing as unmixed good or evil exists not. Thus happiness, complete happiness was never intended to be the boon of man in this world. We may easily convince ourselves of this by noting the quantity of unhappiness existing in the best regulated communities. This may also be sustained without a question of doubt by the results of nature, as we may instance in the imperfections, or rather the unpleasant feelings caused by many of the combinations in the social and natural world. The earthquake, the tempest and the pestilential breath of the sirocco seem as necessary to the earth's existence, as are light, heat and moisture—war, pestilence and famine seem as necessary to political or national progression, as are peace and plenty—while sin, wretchedness and misery seem as much constituent parts of the existing state of social life, as are friendship, love and good will.

That natural evils and imperfections are necessary parts of the present economy of our earth, may be deduced by *a priori* reasoning from the fact that of all "the ills which flesh is heir to," there

is none but has its antidote in the arcana of nature. It would be an unlikely supposition that the healing qualities resident in a vast proportion of the vegetable world, are accidental qualities which came without design, as they continue without support.

These reflections should open in our minds a holier, loftier view of human nature, we should look with humbler minds and purer thoughts on the misfortunes and transgressions of our brother who is bewildered in the fire-mists of sin. He may have fallen from happiness to misery, from virtue to sin and degradation, but we should not shun him—it is such who need consolation and assistance.

What were the cheering and comfort assuring precepts of Divine revelation written for, but for those who were morally and mentally diseased "not the whole but the sick who need a physician."

Instead of thrusting those from us who have fallen from their high estate, we should talk kindly with them—reason with them, and by the holy bands of pity and compassion tempered with love, enable them to regain their former happy state, for, if we may be allowed again to quote from the fountain of all truth, "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men."

J. D. C.

Hudson, May, 1848.

MISCELLANY.

SHORT SERMON ON POLITNESS.

It is not polite to tell stories at the table, and it is evidence of a vulgar mind to jest, joke and ridicule at such a place. No gentleman will permit himself to indulge habitually in this little "table-talk."

It is not polite to obtrude your own affairs upon the attention of others, by representing what things you have accomplished, &c. It indicates inordinate self esteem and is a supremely disgusting exhibition of it.

It is not polite to indulge in a snivelling, half sarcastic laugh while objecting to some remark or act of another. It indicates a very small mind and a hypocritical, "sheep-stealing," disposition. What you have to say, speak out plainly and distinctly without fear or favor.

It is not polite to indulge in "back-biting" towards one another, at the same time appearing friendly to his face. It indicates a cowardly and "snakish" mind.

It is not polite to carry religion, or rather the forms of it into a cold, stiff morality on the Sabbath day, and cast the virtues of christianity off, like a loose mantle, six days of the week.—It shows that religion is abused rather than used.

It is not polite to exhibit a littleness in pecuniary matters, especially towards those who deal fairly and generously by you—and to whom you are indebted for goodly portion of your income.

It is not polite to break into the conversation of others abruptly and give an opinion unsolicited. It is an evidence of ill breeding.

It is not polite to enter into personal controversies and "bar room brawls," particularly when it is an annoyance to others.

It is not polite to engage in dispute with a black-guard, for in so doing you put yourself on a level with him.

It is not polite to refuse a favor when you need it, neither is it polite to extend one unless you can do it cordially.

It is not polite to lavish money profusely "to keep up appearance," at the expense of honest creditors. It smacks a little of dishonesty.

It is not polite to crowd yourself into society where you are not wanted. It proves that pride has got the upper hand of reason.

It is not polite to call at stores to make an examination of goods with no intention of buying. It looks too much like "shop lifting."

It is not polite to crowd into an editor's sanctum, disarrange his papers, read his manuscripts and detain him with idle conversation. With him, "time is money."

It is not polite to beg newspapers, nor is it honest to steal them.

It is not polite to take a newspaper for a year or more, and then stop it without paying the subscription, and grumble if you are called upon to make the payment.

Our sermon is finished, and the Devil is calling for copy!—*Troy Budget.*

DOW JR. ON MARRIAGE.

My young fellow mortals—the path of existence is a rough one; and it musn't be run over in a hurry. Take your time—pick your ways, and keep your eyes open—and you will arrive at the end of your journey, without getting sore-footed, and perfectly satisfied with whatever acids may have been mingled with the saccharine juices of life. Don't be too eager to get rich. Take your time for that—and above all, take your pick out of those lovely candidates for matrimony, which adorn the fair dominion of maidenhood. The girls are beautiful blossoms, as it were, along the lonely walks of celibacy. Grasp them not too hastily, lest you be pierced with thorns—and remember, too, that the fairest and sweetest flowers the soonest lose their beauty and fragrance. Therefore take your time, and look for feminine posies, from which you may extract the essence of admiration, even when they become withered in autumn, and their gay carols of our outward attraction shall have fallen faded to the earth. If you can't do this kiss when you can, and charge me with the damage.

My young, beloved sisters in sin—I know you all have an itching desire to get married! and I fain would have you happy in the sacred bonds of Hymen, and your hearts garlanded with the never fading wreaths of love. But just wait your time, my dears, or your prospect of matrimony will be as a small crop of corn in a cow-pasture. If you flirt with fools, and follow the gentlemen instead of waiting for the gentlemen to follow you, you will probably soon be compelled to take your time, and perchance be left to decay, wither, and dry up in the cold, uncongenial atmosphere of neglect.

Act with becoming modesty—sit still upon the banks of love's limpid waters, as you throw out your enticing flies for its fish to bite at—don't run up and down the stream in search of suckers, that merely smell of the bait, and never hitch on; but keep quiet, wait with patience, and you may at last get a cat-fish for your pains.

A TOUGH STORY.

Our Uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of "stretching the truth," a vicious sort of propensity.

from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a rather severe tale, one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped to break up a piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and arly in the spring we begun to think of ploughin' on't! It was so consarnedly rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough for more than a week. I thought I should die. It e'en almost killed me, I van. Why, one day I was holdin' and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine feet and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going through the stump when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out, and I had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold on the seat of my pantaloons. Of course, I was tight, but I held on the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldnt tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull together, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I hain't worn any other kind since."

The only reply Snooks made was—"I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER.

A story was told me, with all assurance that it was literally true, of a gentleman who, being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the place and time appointed, was met by a lady. Their station in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman as well as the lady, was in earnest. He, however, unluckily, seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good, so the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. Cœlebs advertised a second time, appointing a different square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognized each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstances appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one.—*The Doctor.*

NEVER TELL A LIE.

I READ a story, a short time since of a little boy who feared God, and loved his parents, and so would never tell a lie. His name was Abdel Hader; and he lived in Persia. He wished very much to go to Bagdat, and devote himself to the service of God. His mother knew she would never see him again; and wept to think of parting with her dear boy. But she consented, for so good

a purpose, to let him go. Then giving him forty pieces of money, she told him it was all she had for him; charging him to go and be good, and never tell a lie! "Farewell, my son," said she, "we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

On his way to Bagdat, the company he was with were robbed of their money, by a band of thieves. One of them asked Abdel if he had any money. "Yes," he replied, "I have forty pieces sewed up beneath my garments! The robber laughed and went away and left him, thinking he could not mean so. Soon another came, to whom he gave the same answer. He too thought the boy was only in sport—it was so strange a thing to tell the truth, under such circumstances. The captain of the robbers then called him and asked "what have you got, my boy?" "I have," said he, "forty pieces of money sewed up in my garments!" He scarcely believed him, but ordered his garments to be examined. To his surprise, the money was truly there. "How came you to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?" said he.

"Because I will not be false to my mother to whom I have promised I will never tell a lie!"

"Child!" said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy age, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, my guileless boy, that I may swear repentance upon it. He did so; and immediately commanded his men restore all the spoil; and himself and comrades forsook their evil ways. I trust all of you will remember Abdel Hader, when tempted to tell a lie!

ODDS AND ENDS.

Our Simon, who is not at all backward in coming forwards, perpetrated another good thing a day or two since. As he and a friend were standing at the corner, a fine looking horse passed leisurely by.

"That horse is a happy creature," said his friend, "for he's got no notes to pay to-morrow."

"Not so happy as you suppose," replied Simon, "for he's got his checks and drafts to meet."

The "Blue Hen's Chickens," of Wilmington, Del., recently enumerated a patent *bee-hive* among other contrivances for the saving of human labor. Our Simon wishes to know if honey is a product of human labor in the "Diamond State."

SCENE IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

Teacher.—Boy, spell Glass.

Boy.—G-l-a-s-s.

Teacher.—Well, what does that spell?

Boy.—Don't know.

Teacher.—What's in the window at home?

Boy.—Why, dad's old breeches.

SWEARING.

If we hate one thing more than another, it is profane "swearing." To hear a man in full possession of his senses calling upon God to damn his eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; to damn every thing that goes wrong, is inexpressibly painful to every one.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.—"My love," said Mrs. Foozle to her husband, "oblige me with twenty

dollars to-day to purchase a new dress." "Shan't do any such thing, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday!" "Law, love, that was nothing—I meant by it that you were very fond of hugging."

"You're a saucy little puss (sound heard like the explosion of a pistol,) but here's a fifty."—*John Donkey.*

"I NEVER complained of my condition," said Sandy, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

RED-HAIRED women are generally truly feminine in their character, warm-hearted and affectionate. Red-haired men are generally intellectual, high-spirited and jealous.

SENSIBILITY is like the stars; they can lead only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle, which guides the ship when the stars are wrapt in darkness.

THERE is a man "somewhere" with whom the "Two Thirds Rule" is such a favorite measure, that whenever himself and wife have three eggs for breakfast, he invariably takes two of them.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. D. W. East Clarendon, Vt. \$2.00; R. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$0.75; Miss S. M. Castle Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Valatie, N. Y. \$3.00; E. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Darling, Mr. Charles H. Lord, of New-York, to Miss Frances C. Frary, of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Hugh McClellan, Esq. of this city, to Miss Rachel D. Van Rensselaer, of Claverack.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. D. G. Stranahan, to Miss Anna E. Benjamin, all of this city.

At Claverack, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Mr. Edward Livingston, of Greenport to Miss Caroline A. D. P. Van Rensselaer, of the former place.

At Austerlitz, on the 29th ult. by Rev. John Campbell, John H. Overhiser, Esq. to Mrs. Eliza A. Downing, both of Hillsdale.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 3d inst. George L. M. son of John J. Chace, aged 3 months.

On the 3d inst. George son of Wm. H. Hunt, aged 3 months and 5 days.

On the 3d inst. Caroline Penke, in her 23d year.

On the 10th inst. Martha J. daughter of Lewis M. and Christian Rice, aged 10 months and 5 days.

On the 29th ult. Martin S. Pixley, in the 25th year of his age.

At New-York on the 29th ult. Dr. Abial Gardner, aged 52 years.

At New-York, on the 20th ult. Mary Pilgrim, in her 20th year.

At Valatie, on the 6th inst. Francis Emma, daughter of Alfred Wild, in the 5th year of her age.

At Stoyvesant Falls, on the 11th inst. Mary Ann, wife of Samuel A. Warner, aged 37 years, 8 months and 19 days.

At Durham, N. Y. on the 23d ult. after a long and protracted illness, Mrs. Gertrude A. Pierce, wife of Mr. William Pierce, in the 39th year of her age.

In Taghkanic, on the 23d ult. Mrs. Hannah, wife of Peter Shufelt, in the 49th year of her age. She was every way a lovely sister, an ornament to the society in which she moved and had been for some time an exemplary member of the Lutheran Church; in her death her husband and friends have lost an interesting and affectionate companion, society, a virtuous and worthy member, and the church a true advocate for the truth and final triumph of the Christian Religion; it is a consolation for those who mourn, to know, that although she is absent from her earthly family and friends, she is at home with her Heavenly Father; that though she is separated from her companions and children, she is in full communion with her God, in mansions of eternal bliss, where,

Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SLAVE.

BY ISAAC COBB.

Twas even. The breezes serenely were blowing,
The flowers were sending their fragrance afar,
Savannah's dark waters were silently flowing,
Their surface reflecting full many a star.

Then sat at the door of a comfortless dwelling,
Acquainted with care and tormented by fears,
A being whose breast with emotion was swelling,
His countenance marked by the furrows of years.

He thought of the clime o'er the ocean's proud waters,
Where flourish the palm and the ebony-tree,
Where Liberty smiles on her sons and her daughters,
No tyrant usurping the rights of the free.

He thought of the days when with father and mother,
He gathered the blossoms that bloomed on the glade,
Ere, often attended by sister and brother,
Along the green banks of the streamlets he strayed.

And ah! he remembered the friend of his childhood,
Whose voice he imagined he sometimes could hear,
With whom he had roamed in his own native wildwood,
And whispered the language of passion sincere.

The moment in fancy, came flitting before him,
When stealthily rose the iniquitous band,
That forced him away to the vessel which bore him
Far over the sea to Columbia's land.

Alas! his reflections but heightened his sorrow;
His body was weary, his spirit forlorn;
And had he sought rest in the scenes of the morrow,
Despair would have certainly come with the morn.

That night he retired to the pallet assigned him,
His heart more dejected, more sad than before;
He felt there was nothing to earth that could bind him,
Except the remembrance of Africa's shore.
Gorham, Me. 1848.

For the Rural Repository.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

STILL dear thou art to me my home,
Though many years have sped
Since last beneath thy moss-grown roof,
I laid my wearied head.

I've passed through many a changing scene,
Have traversed land and sea,
But never have I found the spot
That's half so dear to me.

I've seen far many a loftier pile,
But ah! not one where burn
A purer love to greet with smiles
The absent ones return.

But oh! how many a face is hid
Beneath the church-yard clay,
Who once in youth and beauty smiled
Life's fleeting hours away.

I miss a mother's tender love
That blessed her erring child,
A father's well-remembered face
That rarely on me smiled.

A sister fair as morning light,
And where, oh! where is she,
Her name is written on the stone
Beneath yon willow tree.

And there was one I early loved,
A sunny lock of hair
Is all that's left to speak of her
Who once was passing fair.

Alone I wander forth at even,
To think of days gone by,
Sad thoughts they bring no healing balm
To check the rising sigh.

Here 'mid my childhood's happy scenes,
Where first I learned to love,
O let me sleep, when called to join
Departed friends above.

Flint, Mich. 1848.

E. H. H.

For the Rural Repository.

STANZAS.

Ye ask me why my numbers are sad,
And in vestments of deepest sorrow clad,
Did ye know of the grief in my bosom's cell
Of the mournful voices that plaintively swell,
The dying echoes of happier days
From the broken harp-strings of by-gone lays;
I know full well ye'd not ask me then
Why my lyre gave not a more joyful strain.
The loved who were with me in Life's gay morn
Have passed to death's shade—ah! ne'er to return!—
They are gone, they are gone, and left me in tears
I mourn for the treasures of happier years;
I mourn that the cherished ones silently sleep
In the locust tree shade where night tears weep;
Then childe me not if my harp-strings wake
No tones of joy for this heart must break,
If destined never to overflow
In floods of tears or lays of woe;
So in these sad numbers I pour forth my grief,
And my weary spirit finds sweet relief;
Like a bird in cold Autumn when forests are bare,
My spirit droops 'neath the gelid air,
So let from mine eyes grief's river fall,
Like mourner's tears o'er some funeral pall—
'Tis a sacred boon that I ask, to weep
O'er beautiful visions that blightest sleep;
To breathe on the silent evening air
Tones from my trembling shivered lyre,
For this burdened aching heart must break,
If I did not its plaintive breathings wake.

Westfield, N. Y.

M. F. B.

For the Rural Repository.

THE LABORER AT NIGHT.

The laborer comes home to rest,
When night begins her dusky sway,
And feels of heaven, his cottage blest,
Whose joys his heaviest toils allay.

And by the fireside sitting, while
His children prattle round him, he
Bestows on all a father's smile,
And welcome to a father's knee.

The simple stories that delight
The young child's ear, he kindly tells,
And makes a blissful hour of night,
Whose gloom his voice of love dispels.

The toils his hardy frame endures,
Make rest more charming and profound;
As ever industry ensures
Reward, the idler never found.

Lo! health in every facial line,
In muscle, gait, and pleasant cheer,
Makes rustic joys almost divine—
No sorrow, woes, or pangs are here.

The mother calmly gazing on,
With placid industry pursues
Her evening labors, and her own
Sweet smile, with joy the scene imbues.

The fireside! O, the rapturous word!
In memory, all the joys of home
Return once more,—and scenes adored,
Recalled, delightful, thronging come,

The laborer! what luxury gives
His toil to rest, and calm repose!
The ease and comfort he derives,
The sluggard never, never, knows.

Sardinia, N. Y. 1848.

C. C.

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Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847

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